UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1180.

Original Poetry.

THE COQUETTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Her form is the lightest that glides through the dance,
Like some bright thing that flits through a dream of romance;
And her fair brow is gleaming with light all its own,
Like that o'er the wings of some Heart just thrown—
Oh, who that has gazed, can run ever forget
The form or the brow of the lovely coquette!

Then, vain were the effort of song to portray
The beauty that plays, if not calm, on each lovely play—
And the tones of her voice, in her wildness of mirth,
So rich in their melody, breathe not of earth—
Oh, who that hath seen her but left with regret
The lovely young form of the laughing coquette!

Yet such glorious o'er her life being, resistlessly glow
As the sunbeams that circle some fountain's sweet flow,
Unlighting the world with its gladness and mirth
In the darkness of night, and the coldness of death;
Then the hearts of the sunbeam and wave where you rest
Will the bright-beaming heart of the lovely coquette.

And the rays from her dark eyes that playfully stream,
Though pure as the light of the day may they seem,
Are such beams as the merciless wreckers display
To the banque, when the tempest-clad darkness her way;
Oh, many, my ballmate may not escape,
Yet easy fly from the snare of the luxurious coquette.

Original Tales.

TRADITION OF THE VISIONS Of Armies in the Heavens.

CONCLUDED.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY MISS ELIZABETH HOLLAND.

Thus, time passed on. The news of Montgomery's death, and the loss of some of his officers and men, had reached the farm house of Mrs. Drayton. A report quickly followed, that Vincent Murray was among the number who had fallen with the general. There was no means of making further enquiries, and the rumor was believed to be true. Rhoda wept in agony over the supposed fate of her lover, but from that hour Ethel was given to her country. Her whole character underwent an entire change—she was no longer the shrinking and timid girl, who had trembled at the slightest of danger on the last night of their parting. The overwhelming affliction of Murray's death, had awakened in all the woman's fears in her bosom, and it became the predominant desire of her soul, that the cause for which he had sacrificed his life, might ultimately prevail. The thoughts of strife and bloodshed grew familiar to her mind, and she listened with absorbing interest to the accounts of the exciting scenes which agitated the deserted colonies.

Meanwhile, the winter were gloomily away and another summer brought again the harvest season, in its annual round; but there were no more balls, or merry-makings, in the farm house. The spirit of the land grew more and more stern, as the struggle with the tyranny of feilding, and followed the few who were left to till the ground, with a long face and a weary step. But, although Shakespeare's prophecy had only the reason that he never learned to repeat the exclamation of the Moor, "Othello's occupation's gone!" yet, there was a stern sentiment seemed to dwell in his heart, and show itself in the restless expression of his countenance. His time, however, was chiefly performed a rustic trench for Rhoda and Murray, still lay on the banks of the Lehigh; and there the mourner would sit for hours together, and to "learn from the clouds which spanned over their wing," the truth of the spirit's immortality—for they were

drawn the seal, directed of its shroud.
Less glorious in its essence than a cloud

It was a year from the evening of the fainting, at her father's house, that Rhoda, occupied with such reflections, sat leaning against the broken branches on her favorite seat. It was even turned toward the path which led to the beaten road, and soon became fixed in tearful doubt and suspense, on an approaching figure. It was surely Vincent Murray, that could not be! Rhoda had no faith in the supernatural, and had become accustomed to those distrustful tones, to surprises, mistakes, and false reports; and as she continued to gaze, her mind suddenly took in the entire truth, with even greater force and the full conviction was quickly followed by the warm embrace of her lover, who clasped her to his heart, as he exclaimed:

"The blessed hope of this meeting, Rhoda, has supported me through many painful scenes and hair-breadth escapes—the last painful!"

"And is it really you, Vincent?" said Rhoda, looking up in his face with a scrutinizing glance, as if to assure herself of the reality.

"Can it be possible that I once more hear your voice, and that you are still in the land of the living? Oh, did you suffer me to believe for so long a time that you had been killed at Quebec?"

"I was not aware, until this moment, that you were under that impression. No, Rhoda, my worthless life was spared, while one of much intentional value to our country, as that of the lamented Montgomery was sacrificed. In that fatal place. I would to God that my heart's blood could have saved our beloved general."

"Oh, say not so! I am not yet patriot enough to believe that his life could be more valuable than yours. But tell me, how came you here?"

"I have obtained leave of absence for a few days, but must soon return to the army. My heart said that you would be alarmed by the sight of your native river, and hither I bent my first steps in search of the lily of the valley."

"Then you will leave us again. Oh, Vincent, war is a dreadful evil! How much longer will these scenes of blood and strife continue?"

"God only knows! Since the *Declaration of Independence*, all efforts has seemed to be but a new character in the Colonies. We are now not only seeking for justice, but contending for a cause as dear to us as our own land—as the earth; and have no alternative but to pursue the conduct until we conquer or are conquered. We have also a powerful foe to contend with, foreign, and enlisted under the banner of the *King of Kings*; and I fear not but *He* will give us the victory."

"May you be a true prophet," said Rhoda with a faint smile, "but you know the doom of *A prophet hath no honor in his own country.*"

"The prophecy may be accepted, notwithstanding, when our countrymen shall find the enemy begin to tremble, for fear of its fulfilment—and they will tremble before the war has continued much longer. The dauntless daring of the Americans, already displayed in several instances, will show them the character of the men with whom they have to deal."

"Yes: but this dauntless daring as you call it, will drench our land, I fear, in the blood of our countrymen."

"It may be, Rhoda—they will fall before they will yield. The spirit of bravery is contagious; and death loses its terrors in the hope of victory, and amidst the excitement of the battle field."

"And if the glory goes over to the enemy—what then?"

"Courage and perseverance will bring it back. We have preserved it thus far, even in the midst of defeat. It was a glorious night after we had run our beam aground on Lake Champlain, and set fire to them in the very face of the British, to see the American colors streaming high above the flames, which enveloped the little fleet, and the men wading in the water, to protect the burning boats with their muskets, until the progress of the devouring element became a full security against their falling into the hands of the enemy."

"You can think of nothing but glory, Vincent, while I forget it all in the joy of your return."

"The happiness which dwells in the heart, is not always on the lips dear Rhoda," said Murray, "and you know that I am here. I feel and see that you are with me! and while I talk of glory, do I not know that it is yes who listen to?"

"Ah, but I am afraid it will rival me in your affections."

"If you be jealous of a shadow!" Rather give me the assurance of your love, to cheer me in the many trying scenes through which we shall yet have to pass. Gloom and darkness are not present on our prospects, but there is bravery enough in America to carry us through the contest. Tell me, may I hope that you will still remain firmly to separation and uncertainty, and unknown trials, for, perhaps, years to come?"

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The Last Offices.

[FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.]

The opening of Spring, in which the mind usually attains some fresh life from the cheering associations, has this year been marked by an event which has obscured its brightness, and made the season of hope and of joy essentially one of sadness among us. A general gloom for several days settled over the city, suppressing the buds of life, clothing it round in vestures with sadness, and filling every mind with solemn musings.

The first day after the appalling catastrophe of Wednesday last was passed in the night of fearful, and high excitement. Astonishment, and a feeling of dismay, mingled with intense and painful curiosity, seized upon the entire community. All tongues were busy in guessing, or in answering inquiries. Filled with the bereaved, lamentations over the public loss, wonder at the astounding dispensation of Providence, and speculations as to the consequences, seemed to absorb all minds, and, for the time, to supersede all other thoughts.

As the particulars came, by degrees, to be learned, and the exact extent of the calamity ascertained, the intensity of this feeling in some measure subsided, but threw succeeding it a deeper-seated and more enduring concomitant of the weight of the blow. In the first moment men rushed out of doors, crowded the streets, the public intelligence gathered in knots about the streets, and with eager countenances turned to every new source for further intelligence; while, within doors, female sensibility yielded its ever-ready sympathy to the agonized wives and lovers and relatives of the dead. Probably there were few families in Washington which on the night of that day retroved their wonted rest.

The next day crowds poured down to the wharf where the bodies were expected to be landed, and, being long disappointed, continued to wait, hour after hour, till at length the minute guns from below announced that the arrival of the coffins from on board the Steamer, and the commencement of their melancholy come up to the city. As the boat which bore them approached her landing-place, the surrounding shores were covered with spectators, while a long line of carriages stood in waiting, to follow in the train which bore the remains of the dead. Six hearses, in horrid contiguity, stood side by side, and decorated for no company their sad freight, as the coffins, borne by Seamen, and followed each by an escort of Naval Officers, were brought along through a lane of sympathising citizens, who opened to the right and left to let them pass. More than sixty carriages followed to the Presidential Mansion, whither the dead were carried by the President's particular desire, and deposited in the East Room. Yes, in that vast apartment, often the scene of brilliant festivity—as often echoing the strains of joyous music and the mingled voices of the gay—now converted, by the act of God, into a sepulchral chamber, cold and silent as the grave. Here they were visited during the whole of Friday, by numerous groups, moved by that deep irresistible feeling which draws us to spectacles of terror and of grief. The upper parts of the coffins were open, the countenances of the dead, (with one exception,) being exposed to the public view, covered, however, with plates of glass.

Services were held over them the Funeral Ceremonies, which were conducted with appropriate order and solemnity. The aspect of the Pennsylvania avenue forcibly called up the remembrance of the scene when General HARRISON's lamented honored corpse was borne along it to the tomb. Although the chief market day, and the busiest day of the week, with all classes of venders, the bustle of business was hushed at an early hour; the streets were filled in the through full of waving masses, the stores and places of business being universally closed, and many of them hung with the drapery of mourning. Notwithstanding that thousands from other cities and from the country were added to the thousands of the metropolis, to witness the solemn rites and funeral pomp of the occasion, yet the order and decorum which reigned throughout were not less gratifying than the entire exemption of the day from the slightest accident.

The expectation of the people now, as at the Funeral of Gen. HARRISON, thronged the streets with waiting multitudes hours before the Procession made its appearance. The perfect silence observed in the gathered throngs, and the clouded gloom of the sky, sensibly deepened the solemnity of the scene.

At the Presidential Mansion, the Officers of Government, civil, military, naval, and the Foreign Ministers, Members of Congress, of both Houses, relatives and personal friends of the deceased had the entre at an early hour. Before the bodies were removed, appropriate religious services were performed by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, the Rev. Dr. Laurie, and the Rev. Mr. Butler, of Georgetown.

The Procession moved on in the order given below. The body of Mr. MASON was not among them, having been removed by desire of his friends to Maryland for interment.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

The Funeral Escort on Colonel of March
Marshal
Battalion of United States Marines
Major Commanding
Troop of United States Light Artillery
Commander of the Escort and Staff
Honorable Officers of Government, Major Gen.
Navy and Army, in the order named
Marshal and Staff of Columbia, Master Corps
Navy and Army, in the order named
Major General, Wilder Jones, commanding the
Brigade, and Staff.
Major General Commanding the Army and Staff.

CIVIL PROCESSION.

ance Masons of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria
Clergy and Medical Faculty of the District of Columbia
and Alexandria
Committees on the part of Congress and the Executive-

Pall Bearers.

HEARSE

Of the late Secretary of State.

Pall Bearers.—The Hon. Mr. Archer, of Virginia, and the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate.

The Hon. C. J. Ingersoll and the members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives.

Family and Relations of the late Hon. Mr. Upshur.

HEARSE

Of the late Secretary of War.

Pall Bearers.—The Hon. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, and the members of the Committee on Military Affairs of the Senate.

The Hon. Mr. Parmenter, of Massachusetts, and the members of the Committee on Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives.

Family and Relations of the late Hon. Mr. Gilmer.

HEARSE

Of Captain Kearney, late Chief of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment and Repair, Navy Department.

Pall Bearers—Capt. Stewart, Capt. Morgan, Com. Jarvis, U. S., Col. Totten, Major Vose, Gen. Gratiot, U. S. A.

Capt. Aulick, Com. Stockton, Com. Crane, U. S. N. Col. Bomford, Gen. Towson, Gen. Jesup, U. S. A.

Navy and Revenue Boards of the Navy Department.

HEARSE

Of the late Hon. Daniel Jenifer, late of New York.

Pall Bearers.—Hon. Mr. Wright, Hon. Mr. Young, Hon. Mr. Woodbury, Hon. Mr. Fish, Hon. Mr. Hunt, New York; P. Hoffman, Washington.

Hon. Mr. Cambreleng, Hon. Mr. Fish, Hon. Mr. Hunt, Hon. Mr. Barnard, Col. Mumford, New York; Dorsey Gassaway, Washington.

Family and Relations of the late Col. Gardiner.

The President of the United States, Cabinet Officers
Ex-Presidents of the United States
The President of the Senate and Secretary
Senators and Officers of the Senate
The Speaker and Clerk of the House of Representatives
Members and Officers of the House of Representatives.
Foreign Ministers and Suites
Governors of the States and Territories
Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States
Judges of the Circuit and District Courts of the United States, with the Members of the Bar
Officers of the several Bureaus
The Judges of the several States
The Comptroller of the Treasury, Auditors, Treasurer, Register, Solicitor, Commissioners of
Loans, Clerks,
Pension, and
Public Buildings
The Clerks, &c. of the several Departments, preceded by their Chiefs.
And all other Civil Officers of the Government
Diplomatic Authorities in Washington
Consular Authorities of Georgetown.
Mayor and Board of Aldermen of Washington
Societies and Fraternities.
Citizens and Strangers.

Forward to render this last tribute of respect to the memory of their beloved ex-Commander and Friend.

It falls not within our province to attempt anything like a philosophical appreciation of this dispensation of an inscrutable Providence. That will be performed more ably by others. We can only say, in the simple and duty. To us may be permitted however—may it be—to express and commemorate briefly the feelings, the expressions of those thoughts which a calamity that fills all hearts with grief has left in every mind. And may we not say, that in the midst of the sadness, and deep interest in President Harrison, there is an obvious reflection of that spirit of watching over which ever marks the Christian as a shield in our character as a people! That arm which has both uplifted and the strongest monuments of its active pity, is not prone to forget, tenderly and signally smote us in the instance, to remind us of our need and of our reliance. Let us learn, for our country as for ourselves, to depend for true glory upon her gratitude of mankind; to hope with trembling, to unite with our confidence in Him—from a sense of our own weakness and dependence. And are we not admonished, by the unlooked for instantaneous occurrence of an overwhelming a destruction, to preserve, in our brightest moments of active joy, a solemn spirit? Let the bitterness of our party strifes be laid aside, and united by the one remembrance that we are in the presence of One who is higher than all parties, looking for those who are to be governed, and through whose omnipotent will alone all of our political destinies either its own true honor or the country's good.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, two copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE.

F. C. Brookman, Esq., late of Wheeling, Virginia, is not an agent of ours, nor was he ever authorised by us to receive subscriptions for this paper.

Hiram Kaine, late of Wheeling, Virginia, is requested to settle his account immediately.

Jos. H Thompson is requested to do the same.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

As we sit to-day calmly and sad, but undisturbed by any terror of excitement, or any horrible of rumor, carefully collating incidents, and adding and proving facts relative to the one great theme of news now still uppermost in men's minds, and realized upon men's lips: by sudden—by terrible—the eagerly questioning yet hopelessly doubting spirit—the confusion of fearful excitement experienced upon this day week, is with difficulty remembered as fact. It is dimly recollected as a terrible dream—a scene, of the truth of which, the melancholy evidence of certified relations of dearer and of woe, in this day's paper, can hardly persuade us.

Through the length and breadth of the land, as the tidings have sped, men have first doubted their senses, and refused to admit the evidence that so dreadful a calamity had indeed befallen the country. It seemed a tale too horrid for reality—the monstrous exaggeration of the fancy of some distempered brain—one of some reckless romancer—some heartless practiser on that kind credulity of human nature, which, ever ready to sympathy for grief, is ever ready to listen to narratives of woe. But it is all true. The first accounts exaggerated nothing. The reality has surpassed even the fancy the tragical, as well as in the lighter scenes of real life—" truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Our very circumstantial account of last week has left us little to-day to add—and nothing of material importance to take from the dark care with which the first account was prepared, from rumors, slips, and letters, that there is nothing to be added, nothing to be taken from correction. Our sources were, first slips from Washington, endorsed by the Assistant P. M. and next a very full account forwarded by one of its correspondent, to the Public Ledger. To-day we present a diagram, engraved expressly for this paper, which points out the position of the sufferers at the time of that unfortunate event.

In our gossip, this calamity is the leading theme. Under the Congressional and under the Legislative heads, it will be found spoken of. Hall, too, in a manner most impressive—in its preceding columns, the reader will find a carefully and touchingly written account of the funeral ceremonies, taken from the Journal Intelligencer; and in another part of the paper are the supplementary narrative and diagram already referred to.

We make no apology for this preponderance of melancholy matter in our paper to-day—for it were an insult to readers. Can there be one among our thousands who objects to a proper notice, however extended, of an event so terrible? Let the man watch too, (we say to them) for there can be no surer symptom of a man's great danger of becoming unworthy of the sympathy and kindness of his fellows, than his own disinclination not only to " rejoice with those who rejoice," but to " weep with those who weep."

In the remarks of Mr. Rives and of Mr. Buchanan in the Senate of the United States, upon the death of the Secretaries, and of Mr. FISHER of this State, the hope is expressed that these solemn warnings may have their proper effect, in quelling angry feelings, and softening political bitternesses. It is painful to think that during the present session, particularly in the House of Representatives, there has been much unconfortable discussion than at almost any previous session. Beside the immediate social evils of such a state of things, there is manifest on the forfeiture of their responsibilities to their constituents. Public duty requires that the Representatives of the People of the United States, their action with all the industry consistent with due consideration.

Up to the time of the late melancholy occurrence, Congress had been three calendar months in session. In all that period (remarks the National Intelligencer) there had been but five days consumed, to act but the act to refund the fine paid by General Jackson in 1814, and the act (which the President has informed Congress is of no avail) for authorising certain transfers of appropriations in the Naval service. We can hardly doubt that, as with softened hearts the members resume their places, they will do so with a determination to let no personal or political uncharitableness further impede the business of the session.

QUICK STEAMER.

There is a curious model of a steamer, on exhibition in the City of Notions. The Boston Transcript says of it: " The object proposed in the vessel is any direction—forwards, backwards, sideways, obliquely to the right or left, turns her on her centre in her own length; keeps her in a stationary position, (the engine all the time in operation, too,) at the will of the helmsman, who can manage her almost as well (though not as conveniently) without a rudder as with one." If those things can be done in a larger boat than the model, it will be a great boat indeed. It should be named the Fast Craft.

PUBLIC TASTE.

The manager of the Chatham Theatre, New York, promises to exhibit at his establishment, a bull-fight in the real Spanish style. This will be a great gratification to the admirers of the brutal.

FAIR PLAY.

The editor of the Knickerbocker takes the New Mirror to task for not conducting a random poem, which he says first appeared in the former, and rules a goodly slice from Mr. Joseph C. Neal's Comedy, which appeared in Godey's Magazine for March, without the courtesy which he demands from others. Give credit, you sinners, or don't exact it.

BRITISH POLICY.

It will be remembered that the Post, in noticing the arrival of the news, the news from China, to the effect that Great Britain had made a treaty supplementary, expressed some doubts whether the policy or diplomacy of Great Britain. By this treaty it is declared that all foreign countries, whose subjects or citizens have hitherto resorted at Canton, shall be admitted to the free ports of Canton, Foothowfoo, Amoy, Ningpoo and Shanghai, the Island on which British vessels are allowed to trade. British subjects are allowed to buy or rent ground or houses—provision is made for a mutual surrender of criminals.

It was said that Great Britain had made a treaty by which all nations were to be admitted to a " most favored footing," whereby all necessity for ministers from other nations to China was removed. But the Post, in noticing this, suggested this exclusion, because the unwillingness of the Chinese to receive even the British is well known; but not to effect to John Chinaman. " We have thrashed you, and upset your time-honored dignity and prejudices, and now our own pay, and we will be charitable to you, permitting nobody else to cuff your celestial ears, and no other foreign barbarians to taint the sacred atmosphere of the inner courts of the palace of the Brother of the Sun and Moon." This is the language which the Post puts into their mouths. These are the equal privileges for which the Ministers of Great Britain have covenanted with the Chinese. Degraded, indeed, is the language of the worse than barbarous violence of Great Britain, poor China is ready to accept such protection from the British Government, as the ruining woman receives from her keeper.

In pursuance of the magnanimous policy of Great Britain, we find Sir Henry Pottinger issuing proclamations " and all sorts of games," as the elder Weller might say, relative to the landing, and the vouchsafed vessels at ports not open to the Foreign trade by the treaty. Now Sir Henry Pottinger tells us that " the Queen and Emperor are best friends, and, by the treaty, are proclaimed" to " the only persons to have a right to trade with China." Degraded, indeed, is the language of England and the Emperor of China are dear political and regal cousins, of course the amity of the two nations is the same as that of Great Britain to be the support of China in the exclusion of all trade but British; or at any rate in the exclusion of all trade but Chinese as to make it unsupportable and unprofitable.

The plain state of the case is precisely this: Great Britain considers China as her conquered Province. The same has gone by, when conquerors conquer for the mere sake of rule. Give them the advantages of it, and in mere official forms they will willingly forego the rule and title. Great Britain has, in fact, annexed the foreign trade of China, to use a vulgar proverb " thrown a shad to catch a whale." She has in more subjugated the whole power of her Chinese peers by French and American vessels, than she has to the arrival of those vessels at Liverpool or London. Step by step the plan will be perfected, till in the ports of the British Province of China, all vessels will but minister to British interests, as fully as arrivals now do at British ports proper. Look on a few years, and see if this do not prove as we have said.

Power is not gained in our days by coup de mars. Bullets of lead serve to fight heathen nations—bullets of diplomacy are the arbiters between reputed Christian sons. Paishan bombs are thrown into Asiatic citadels—bundles of paper, seal affixed and regal-promise, plural-slotted, are tossed into the cabinets of civilized nations. With bullet and bomb Great Britain has conquered China. With these she proposes! she means to defend to herself the exclusive possession, from other nations, until the time is ripe. Then the Lion will lay down on board the admiral's ship in the Chinese seas, or in the Plenipotentiary's palace at Pekin King, or in the Foreign Office in Downing street, " China will be annexed to the British Empire." Such a mere poor reader's sentence on the map of British India. The fact is found all that is necessary to add nine after nine of the Asiatic continent to the British Empire.

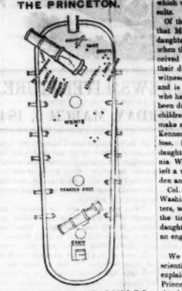
" What to-day a fact, to-morrow is doctrine." When Great Britain declares China a part of her empire, the world says, " Yes, that was *to-day's facts, to-day's precedents*, will be chased back to the first day, that the first English merchant set sheet to flower." Such are facts and precedents, the English Diplomatists will prove an antediluvian claim to the whole country, and claim credit for moderation in not the thanks of the whole world, because Noah did not take possession of the whole Asiatic continent, in favor of the future British Nation, when he first landed from the Ark.

So much for British policy in the East. It is of the same character every where. The first natural may be bold—the lion heraldic, on the British arms has many of the characteristics of the fox and the cat. Creeping, cautious, and sly-way, he secures what he wants by patient perseverance in subsidy and kindred arts, and when he has got it, he puts on the air of the lion and blusters, as if he had acquired it suddenly by a blow There is no nation's policy which will bear closer watching and it becomes the citizens of the United States to look out for her movements upon this continent; and especially to resist upon plain dealing, the last and boldest, in relation to Oregon. Let us take especial care, while no wrong is attempted by our Government in this matter, to permit none to be done us by Great Britain.

There will be a keen encounter of diplomatic sagacity in the settlement of the question. Not as bullets or bombs, inasmuch as the United States is not China, and inasmuch as war will be would be a ruinous game for both lands; and business, while war with China was a mere burglarious forcing of the imperial coffers, for the payment for peace, to compel the reimbursement of those Englishmen who had suffered righteous loss in an illicit trade, will not answer. It is a great deal to assert that Great Britain will not come into this negociation with a tolerably liberal spirit, and a disposition not to crowd too palpably on her demands. The evident course between the two nations will be to make mutual and equal concessions; and then may the matter be submitted to the satisfaction of the enlightened in both countries.

We in an awkward, an unchristian and an inefficient adjuster of differences. It is a contest in which the victor suffers only less than the vanquished; shall we, then, illy improve by these views of political life or act of it, talk of war with an air of indifference, or of ridiculous bravado. While the discussion of this question is pending, it is in very bad taste to play the Bombastes Furioso—a part selfconsciously ridiculous at any time.

VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE PRINCETON.



FARTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE TERRIBLE DISASTER.

In our last paper we published an account of the terrible disaster on the Potomac, as then included all the main facts, and all the reached us in season. To-day we subjoin some further and more circumstantial account, in the manner of the accident intelligible, have procured the above diagram, which represents the relative position of things on the deck of the vessel at the moment that the explosion took place.

It will be perceived that the unfortunate individuals who lost their lives, were seeking on the larboard or left side of the forcastle deck, for round the bow rigging, and on the starboard side of the deck, about ten fee from the gun, and nearly on a parallel linewith it behind the funnel. Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, one of the officers of the steamer, and several sailors were in a position further forward, on the same side of the deck with Capt. Stockton. Mr. Davis, of New York, and Mrs. Wagerli, was standing upon the starboard forewa gun, holding on to the bow rigging. The black ragged mark upon the breech portion of the gun exhibits the section which burst fro the main body, and killed Messrs. Gilmer, Upshur, Kennon, Maxcy and Gardiner.

The gun which exploded, was fifteen feet long, had a bore or month twelve inches in diameter, and carried a ball of two hundred and thirty pounds weight—the gun itself weighing more than 25 tons. Beside the bursted piece of the gun which was detached by the explosion—weighing 500 pounds, was thrown 15 feet before it struck the deck.

The gun was fired at the request of Governor Gilmer, and the reason why Mr. Upshur others took the position they did, on the larboard side of the gun, was to look throughthe opening made on the larboard bow—for the bulwarks had all been taken down—and to see the effect of the shot on the ves which was fired from the gun. It was to see this effect; at all other points it was necessary to mount upon some object to be enabled to look over the high bulwarks of the vessel's sides. An eye witness of the scene says

" Captain Stockton alone stood directly behind the breech of the gun, and he escaped by a chance a deadening, unearthly sound—as he described it, like *the sound of a thousand demons* heading hoy thing *her to hold on to it*—and he instinctively grasped the rigging with both arms. I looked in the direction of the gun, and the first object my eye met was the head, and body, and killed Messrs. Gilmer, Upshur, Kennon, Maxcy and Gardiner.

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" I do not think that an individual of me who was killed. He (Mr. Gilmer) was killed after the explosion. Captain Stockton was the man among those gentlemen who was not moved, and but for his quickness, I shouldnot only certainly have been killed, but in a few moments before, I had been in full union with the white ones, (were all blackened and seared with powder,) confidently standing on the breech of the gun, and firing it within my hand."

Honorable testimony is borne to the excellent discipline of the ship which even in this moment did not interrupt. A writer he describes it:

" Immediately after the accident, several officers, of course, great confusion and noise followed among the crowd of visitors, I gave a little attention to myself—relieved and by my duty kept his station still ordered by Capt. Kearney to go forward to the place where I saw that officer before the explosion there I found him afterward giving his attention to the other wounded. The confusion that is generally discovered in a sudden spread of the fatal intelligence was entirely absent. A moment said to me, " I sense if any one is attending to the wounded." The duty he assigned at that moment, but being at the seat in which time was the less willing out in his usual tone, the depth of war, and to my surprise and satisfaction, I found already a conviction at once took such possession of the whole ship's company. Insubordination, and for a moment put aside *perfect ordered discipline* elsewhere—and the whole of the proceedings, during and following that terrible moment, were characterized by the most perfect order."

No persons, except those reported dead in the accident, were killed Mr. Benton is probably a little past in the list, and Capt. Stockton, who, though not seriously injured, was so much stunned by the concussion as for some days to be unable to give connections, is gradually recovering. His most suffering all who know the generous nature of the man will well imagine, and in the very heart most sympathize.

Of the killed, Mr. Maxcy was only one who left a family entirely dependent. Being off at the elbow was yet retained in the affections his coal. Mr. Gardiner had both children and wife. Mr. Upshur left a widow and five broken-hearted children. Mr. Gilmer's fate was very likely to be that of the gallant Wilkins, with a ball in the head. We subjoin a list of the killed, wounded, of whom only two, Wm. Hamilton and H. Dunn, are considered as in critical situation.

John Kinnecks, of Philadelphia, leg wounded, and the bone fractured.

Charles Lewis, of Pennsylvania, ind wounded.

James M. Green, New York city, contus on the leg.

Thomas H. Taylor, of Boston, both leg fractured.

Joseph Patch, Litchfield, Maine, contu leg.

William H. Cantling, Burlington, N. J bone of his right leg badly fractured, the fibula fractured also.

Joseph Trazer, of Boston, wounded on the

Charles H. Robinson, of Philadelphia, sli wounded in the head.

James H. Dunn, of Mason severe contusi on the left side—very dangerous.

There are yet on board—

Peter Sorena, a Swede, badly injured.

Joseph Wells, Englishman, slightly wounded

Daniel Harrington and Hugh Kelly, slightly

Mr. Robert King, gunner, severely wounded in the head.

The President of the United States remained on board the vessel with his sons, after the other guests had left. He designated a committee to remain with, and take charge of the arrangement for the interment of the bodies; and this committee organised by choosing Com. Shubrick and Lieutenant McLaughlin of the Navy Chairman and Secretary. The arrangements of the funeral, the reader will find in a preceding column.

The gun, it is stated was charged with 26 pounds of powder, five less than the usual charge; and had been fired altogether some two hundred times. It was of wrought iron; and scientific investigations will now take place, of which we shall give the reader the earliest results.

Of the families of the deceased it is stated that Mr. Upshur has left a young wife and daughter, (who, poor child, was present when the heart-rending scene occurred, but received the first intelligence of the affair in their dwelling. The lady of Mr. Gilmer was witness to all the horrors of that dreadful hour, and is now suffering as only those can suffer, who have in a moment, and by violent means, been deprived of all that is most dear. Several children are left, also, to share, or rather to make more poignant her sorrow. Commodore Kennon has left a large family to mourn his loss. He had recently married a great-grand daughter of Mount Washington. The lady was nia Wellington Peter. Mr. Maxcy has also left a wife and daughter to suffer from his sudden and painful departure.

Col. Gardiner, of New York, was on a visit to Washington, accompanied by his two daughters, who were also on board the vessel at the time of the accident. To one of these daughters it is stated, President Tyler is under an engagement of marriage.

THE GUN.

We find in the Madisonian, a letter from a scientific gentleman of this city, in which he explains the cause of the accident on board the Princeton. The experiments which established this fact, were made by Mr. Isaac Potts, also of this city, upon a small fragment of the gun. Mr. Joseph Saxton, of the Mint, ascertained its specific gravity to be 7.144, which is 0.674 lighter than the standard gravity of hammered iron—standard gravity of bar iron being 7.788. Various statements are made about the gun, but we prefer to wait the result of official and formal inquiry.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE.

The annual commencement of the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College was held on Monday last. Professor Patterson's address to the graduates, we regret to say, the reporter cannot fail to give usefulness to all, and entrance to many. The Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon the following gentlemen, pupils of the Institution:

Amos E. Griffiths, Pennsylvania.—Intermittent Fever.

Whiting S. Griswold, New York.—Vaccination.

Alfred Paiconnet, Pennsylvania.—Croup.

Benjamin A. Sellers, North Carolina.—Bilious Colic.

Reuben H. Smith, Pennsylvania.—Diet.

Francis M. Y. Nuzum, New Jersey.—De l'Inflammation.

Columbian Wilkerow, Pennsylvania.—Anesthesia.

The Faculty of the College now consists of—

Dr. William Darrach, Professor of Practice of Medicine.

Dr. John Wiltbank, Professor of Obstetrics.

Dr. Wm. R. Grant, Professor of Anatomy

Dr. Henry S. Patterson, Professor of Materia Medica.

It is expected that the two vacant chairs of Surgery and Chemistry will shortly be filled. Dr. Gilbert, of Gettysburg, taking the Chair of Surgery, and Dr. Washington L. Atlee, of Lancaster, that of Chemistry.

CONVENTIONS.

Two political conventions have been in session at Harrisburg this week, representing the two great political parties of the State.

Neither party appears to have gone to the ground with everything " out and dried." On Tuesday the Whigs had twenty-seven unsuccessful trials to nominate a candidate for Governor: the nominees in Convention being Messrs. Markle and Shunk. On the twenty-seven second balloting, the name of Mr. Banks being withdrawn, Joseph Markle received six and Shunk seventy-six votes, and was declared unanimously confirmed Mr. Markle's nomination.

Simeon Guilford, was nominated by the Whigs for the ballot, as Canal Commissioner.

William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and John Sibrom, of Lancaster, were nominated Delegates to the Whig National Convention.

The Democrats have nominated their Electoral Ticket, headed by Chester Butler, of Luzerne, and Townsend Haines, of Chester, Presidential and Vice Presidential electors; in business, the Convention adjourned.

In the Democratic Convention on Wednesday afternoon, no balloting for Governor, which appears to be the result of the ballot in row referred. The prominent candidates are Messrs. Shunk and Muhlenberg.

PERILS OF THE SEA.

The barque Keith Isle, arrived in Fall River, Mass., reporting the loss of Capt. Winslow and five of his crew who were drowned on the coast of Kamtschatka, on the middle of June last. It appears that the Captain had boat made fast to a whale, when he commenced cutting in the blubber, when he was suddenly struck by the tail of the animal, and instantly killed. After two days the boat was found detached from the whale, bottom up. It is believed that the boat and the board of her were carried down by the line getting foul, and not having time to extricate it. The persons remaining in the boat were then left to their consideration and bear in mind that these painful events of that period. Greece with all her glory never raised one pyramid to emblemize eternity, or pointed one obelisk to pierce the vaults of heaven; and the imagination of that Homeric race which conceived the Parthenon must fall humble and sink abashed at the contemplation of the one hundred and forty millions of feet in height of the Hypostyle Hall at Karnak. Caricatures were indulged in in those days. In one is represented a castle defended by a party of rats who advance in chariots drawn by dogs Here too are a pair of sandals—on one is painted a battle, on the other the face belong to some captured race.

Speaking of Negroes we are shown a painting sculptured on a tomb where an African princess and suite attendant, paid a visit to the tomb of her lord in Egypt. Among others in her train is the lamp player, instrument in hand. Now although he played on that piece of music 1500 years before the Christian Era, and although he and a thousand of his race have yet he can lay no claim to being the original " *Dandie Jim*," for we have a right to suppose that the " colored gentman" have turned about and wheeled about ever since their creation.

The Egyptian man is painted red, the woman yellow, the Negro invariably black, and other nations are made fair, dark color as the paint and skill of the artist would admit.

It appears that upon a king's ascending the throne a new portrait was taken and copies distributed throughout the kingdom, all being strikingly similar as illustrated at this day on different buildings. Mr. Gliddon has a collection of the portraits of Kings and Queens—who lived and reigned from 1,500 to 2,000 years Before Christ. The features of the Royal Family, as taken in the 22nd dynasty, will challenge for beauty, intelligence and expression, any of the present monarchs of the globe. Solomon expressly speaks of the art of portrait painting in his day, here we have evidence of it at an earlier period.

Speaking of the colors in use by the Egyptians their white was so perfect that we have now to read it. It was furnished made by pounding the fossils, crabs, &c., found in their lime-stone quarries to this day of inimitable brilliancy.

Their red was derived from an earth in its natural state. Their blue, in which we must believe the celestial ethereal arches so costly now, was sometimes oxide of copper, again oxide of iron, while many Egyptian blues give us oxide of cobalt. These are compounds which we speak a great chemical knowledge. Green was formed from artificial metallic blue and natural yellow ochre. These colors are to be found in the pyramids, the very chemical knowledge which produced them bespeaks not only a knowledge of glass but of the coloring of glass now lost. Their black is sometimes a pure bone black or an oxide of iron, natural in this instance as found in the mines—a species of black earth. In painting a pure stucco was formed of Gypsum, these colors being mixed with gum Arabic dissolved in water were then applied as in ordinary fresco. They also understood encaustic painting with wax dissolved in Naptha. Among his many illustrations, Mr. Gliddon has a plate covered with representations of different skulls, disinterred at different times and places, for which he states his indebtedness to Mr. Morton of this city, who is about to publish a valuable work on Egypt.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, February 3, 1844.

Although my letter of yesterday contained a considerable quantity of little matter, I am my note-book is by no means exhausted, and I will, with your permission, continue my remarks in the same vein.

And first, a little more chat about Royalty. Prince Albert is out in a new character—that of a musical composer, chiefly in sacred compositions, several of which have been chaunted and sung within the last month in the Chapel Royal, and in the Chapel of St. George at Windsor. And why should he not be a Mozart or a Beethoven? Really I see no reason why we should be amusement in Germany, in quest, and, in connection with the subject of his compositions—sublime. His productions are favorably spoken of, even by musical critics who have, in general, more of acerbity than harmony in their essays. Then we have a little dish of scandal from our English exchanges. It seems that the " legitimates" are quite out of humor with Queen Victoria, on account of her visit to the Duchess of Kent, Lady Phillipe, at the *Chateau de Eu*. The *Duchesse de Grammont* permitted her resentment to find vent in the words, " *Faire une Reine est une coquine, une personelle, et une petite affronte.*" *Anglice*

Your little Queen is a jade, a slut, and a bold little thing."

Here is a shocking case of *lese majesté*! Lady Cowley (wife of the English Ambassador to Paris) wrote thereupon to the *Duchesse* saying—

" You must either deny the words, or never appear more at the Embassy."

The Duchesse de Grammont replied :—" I will not deny the words, neither will I, nor any of my family, ever set foot in the Embassy again !"

It is generally thought that Lady Cowley has been ill-used with more severity than she had contented herself with merely requiring an explanation—for so the matter now stands. She has " lacked service"—the Paradox of France—where many thousands of pounds have been spent in improvements. Besides, Lady Cowley's parties are among the most brilliant and aristocratic in the world of fashion. Only last week, her ladyship gave a ball at which twelve hundred of the elite were present—all in mourning for the late ex-King of Holland. The Carnival, or festive season in Paris, has been this fat, unusually gay, ball and *Opera Comique* being all the rage. Lord Cowley has been giving private theatricals at the English Embassy—which are among the most fashionable and pleasant in the world of fashion, and has passed a resolution, to notify those his companies who occupy boxes on coty pon-days, that they will be expected to pay a small licence in relation to the fire department, to execute their houses, on or before the 1st of May next.

THE COTTON FACTORY AT CAMDEN, N. J.—The stock books of the new Cotton Factory at Camden were opened for subscription on Saturday week, according to law, and shares to the amount of $150,000 were readily taken. A series of resolutions were adopted, and directors were voted by ballot. Cloth or velveta are used for walking dresses, and worn very high.

Fashionable colors, this Spring, are brown, beet and cheese, are gaining favor in England, and promise to become immense articles of importation. At a meeting of the Parodox Club, the samples were much admired by the best judges and the most eminent persons present. The expressed opinion was that if you had much improved in packing and packing, during the last twelve months.

Of the 2,000,000 persons who reside in the suburbs of the metropolis, 1,870,676 are within the official and parliamentary limits of the city. The Metropolis at present contains an estimated population exceeding 2,000,000. The increase per cent of its inhabitants within the previous ten years was 141.

Population of Manchester (now estimated at 353,000 year at 3 per cent.)	Increase per 30 years	256,186
Liverpool (Now estimated at 400,000 year at 3 per cent.)	Increase in 10	186,491
Birmingham		182,922
Leeds (Increase in 10 years 22 per cent.)		
Bristol (population of)		152,661
Sheffield		110,179
Plymouth (Royal Port.)		90,855
Hull		84,690
Portsmouth		72,096
Norwich		61,396
Nottingham		57,407
Portsmouth (Royal Port.)		53,040
Newcastle		49,010
Glasgow		274,533
Paisley		31,460
Aberdeen		63,200
Dundee		62,000
Greenock		36,538
Individual Taxpayers		220,000
Inhabited Dwelling		38,703
Building		3,863
Total houses in London		205,703

The entire number of executions in Great Britain, (not including Ireland,) were

In 1840	9
In 1841	10
In 1842	7

The nine executions in the past year were for murder, and 1 may here add that " Wilful Murder," with " malice prepense," where clearly proven, is a crime never pardoned in this country.

A short time since, I mentioned something about the present condition of the British Navy. It appears that the total of useful ships, to active service, or fit for active service, is—

Line of Battle Ships,	18
Frigates,	39
Sloops of War,	112
Troop and Store Ships,	10
Steam Vessels,	70
Receiving Ships,	9
Yacht Vessels,	2
Hulks,	6
Dock Yards,	4
Coal Depot Ships,	3
Coal Depot Hulks,	2
Convict Ships,	15
Coast Guard,	1
Floating Chapels,	2
Yard Vessels,	7
Mooring Vessels,	3
Royal Yacht,	1
Victualling Vessels,	2
Steam Packet Vessel,	1
Mortar Vessels,	1
Total,	422

It is difficult to calculate the number laid up, as returns having been made. Six or seven steam frigates have been ordered, and according to a return made in a late Senate of Parliament, there were at that time three engaging steamers, all fit for warlike service, and at the disposal of the Government at a fair valuation. Now I really think that we ought not to be taxed for a larger Navy in a time of profound peace.

In Paris, they have been inaugurating the statue of *Moliere*, on the occasion of the 242nd anniversary of the birth of the celebrated dramatic poet. The scene was one of much pomp, and was honored by the presence of the learned bodies, the Mayor and Prefect of Paris, Monsieur Arago, students of institutes, &c. The old house in the *Rue Richelie

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Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscription.

Agents are only authorized to receive money for papers published within it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give receipts for money paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office remained from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will call for the Saturday Post; other collectors will be appointed.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS.—Abraham's Magazine, United States Magazine, and the Ladies' Repository.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wilcoxon.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harcourt street, Cumberland, Ohio, is our Agent for that County, and is duly authorized by *Moses Hunter, Jun. & Noah. G. H. Comstock, & H. Ferrington* to receive all the money due them.

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ALANSON BILLINGS of Memphis, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Magazine, and the Ladies' Repository; *Knight* reports may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LITTLE SISTER AND THE GREAT ISAAC. *Or Spirituality and Worldliness Contrasted in the Experience of the Children Headed Monster. By George Jordan, D. D., President of Mission University, Oxford, Ohio. Published by Lane & Scott, New York.* This is a characteristic of the Clergy of this country, as a class, that they are always becoming the subjects of popular writers. They understand *books*, better than men. As commissioners or as advisers in questions of delicacy, and softly true that the characteristics of which we have spoken are developed in an extraordinary degree in the clergy. The character of the men are but kept in limited circles, and their warnings are more heeded. Their teaching has a very independent, which would be greatly enlarged for the point of worldly experience, which might transmute them into a considerable kind of influence, and a power which is careful to alarm their friends.

When we thought more of the expounders of prophecy, which requires accurate knowledge of contemporary events, and a comprehensive and enlarged view of men and things, and which requires a faithful study of what they are usually out of their depth. After little masters of little movements, engaged in the work of the age, and character have been contradicted—or disputed—or proved never to have happened—still stops the expounder of prophecy, and hinge whole sermons of theory, and volumes of explanation upon forgotten trifles. The throwings out of political utterances, of the great men made in patience are quoted in all sober seriousness to expound some kind of oracle, and a system of theory, framed or

Sacred Poetry.

RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

BY BISHOP HEBER.

What is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and mean to pray,
And o'er the sermon's length to doze
Or dreaming wander through the pews?
Does heart and head with thought agree?
Dreams the restless reign of grace?
Does not a pilot's office say
Oft will hypocrisy strike?

Is it to make our daily walk,
And of our own good deeds to talk,
Or, when to charity appeal,
And thus succeed our pensions true?

Is it for need to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right,
When what we wish is, at the last,
To see our church exalt the rest?

Is it to scorn the Christian name,
And love to all mankind profess,
To trust with others, and to be
And hate against them every day?

Oh, no! Religion is a power
Its limit more sweet and fairy ye—
Its portrayal finds—is where do
As you would have them do to you.

It governs if here on it rests,
And warms with human woes in spate—
Of others' virtues, others' ills,
Not tells of good, or else keeps mid.

And finds Religion this power?
Then may its influence fill my heart;
Oh! hence the standard of my life,
Where all the earth may own its mercy.

Selected Tales.

ALL HEART AND NO HEART.

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The article heart is very unequally distributed in this world. Mrs. Butler is a specimen of a class who are said to be all heart. She is full of benevolent interest about everything, from the marriage of a Hindoo widow to the fitness of a dog in the street. She must feel intensely on all occasions, and also let the state of her feelings be known, the due enactment of all as not having done what is proper for her. There is only one drawback from this amiable character; nobody can be sure of Mrs. Butler's heart being always friendly inclined to them, seeing that she speaks in the same enthusiastic way of all the world: one is drawn to suppose it to be that much sincerity where there is so much profession. It must also be said that Mrs. Butler really does nothing for any one, or to promote any good undertaking, probably from the complete occupation which her feelings give her, or because, being sure that she feels enough, she finds her conscience at rest about everything else. This All Heart, as exemplified in her, sits at home all day by the fire, melting over dismal accidents in the newspapers, and expressing the strongest commiseration at every tale of domestic trouble which is reported in her by her friends who call upon her, but never more thinking of the interest of bestir herself or give of her means in favor of any charitable purpose whatever. Mrs. Butler is also a great reader of novels, which form a very convenient sphere for her mind to exist in, since her excessive benevolence may there find unlimited scope for its exercise among the less heroines and virtuous lovers at humble life, and unfounded orphans who struggle through all sorts of difficulties, and yet can never be called upon to take a mourner's trouble, or spend a penny of her money in behalf of any of these excellent specimens of humanity. Her allowance of fiction is two novels or romances per week, which is exactly enough to satisfy the cravings of her benevolent nature without too much straining it. You never, therefore, can pay her a visit but you find her in the greatest concern about somebody or something in the book upon her table, which she will on no account have mentioned at the circulating library than all her feelings will have vanished into thin air. Mrs. Butler is manifestly a person all heart, for there is nothing else in her compounding: at least there are no feet to go an errand of charity, no hands to give alms, no back to take upon other person's burden.

Miss Duvall is a different sort of person entirely, for she never says a word about lamentable things, or professes any commiseration about the woes of either the friends or acquaintance. But then her girlhood, she has been continually engaged in active duties, which had for their object to sweeten life to others. Amongst her sisters, she was always the person left to take charge of and entertain brats, whether consisting of a troop of single children thrust upon them for a half day's visit, or of elder cousins cumbered on the part of those who have occasion to witness it. It is often merely that failure, or dormancy, or degeneration of the affections, which forms a feature of insanity. Insanity, however, is not always necessary, therefore, to encounter it with some degree of tenderness or forbearance; and then there may be also some wisdom in accepting it as a warning of the probable coming of a more old state of mind.

The Humorist.

☞ Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous, though not extensively known, way of having all his sentences with the words "I say." Ah, Jack Falstaff, you had the same trick in this peculiarity, the doctor sent for him to give him a character, which he drew thus: "I say, they say, you say, I say I say" when, finding no satisfaction from Falstaff, he concluded by bidding him quit the room.

☞ A chap by the name of Joke got into a row with a man by the name of "none of your'n," and had his head cracked by the operation. He has since been heard to complain for the offence, at which he was highly indignant, swearing to have the law on Judge, that he thought it not altogether decent to put a man in jail for cracking a joke.

☞ A servant girl, a few days since, on leaving a neighbor's house, requested of her master to her reason for leaving. "Masters is an sort of fellers, never know when they've got well," said the girl. "Well," said he, "you know I am no master feeler, then?" "Yes, sir" "Sir" and no sooner was than began again.

☞ The man of the Nantucket Telegraph proclaims the discovery of an extensively New Year's night—"Will you take my arm?" said a gallant of a young lady after the dance broke up. "La, yes, and you too, seeing it at your service," was the reply.

☞ A nonsense paper used to mean about not having a regular pair of eyes—one being black and the other blue. "I am sorry for you," replied a bystander, "for if your eyes had been useless, your nose would have set them on the long run."

☞ Young ladies and gentlemen are very plenty now-a-days—but there is a great deficiency in the number of those who possess the sublimated state of civilization, are wholly exterminated.

☞ A Hibernian complaining of the late severity of the weather, shrewdly remarked, that such a frost as that was, would be very acceptable, but, in these winter months, it was unbearable.

☞ A lady in London named Hayden, has lately been made defendant in an action of damages, for breach of contract in the case of matrimony. The gentleman who was the cause of the action was for throwing her husband out of the window.

☞ A seaman who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks, was asked by a lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him. Wet, madame, quit wet.

☞ "Thee do I tread on the pride of Pain, said Diogenes, setting his foot on the back of the Academic. "Yes, with greater pride of pleasure," returned Plato.

☞ Two fair gentlemen, comparing notes on the flimsy state of their bodies, one of them said, that he guessed he knew was as thin as them both together.

☞ "Pity, Mr. Jenkins, are you musical?" said a young lady at her piano to her lover. "Why, no, miss," said he, "but I have a soul that like it."

☞ "Job was a very patient man," exclaimed a termagant wife to her husband. "He must have been a bachelor, then," was the response.

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☞ A traveller writing from Italy, says that the Roman Forum is now a cattle market, and the palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.

☞ "What will you insert me in your calls?" asked a lady of a real Irishman. The wide world!" replied he.

☞ To confine domestic life, maintain your opinion on all small matters at the point of the bayonet.

☞ Will you come to the house?" as the boatswad said to the crew, at the beginning of the battle.

☞ "Let us drop the subject," as the bodysnatchers said, when they were pursued.

Choice Anecdotes.

JUST DISCRIMINATION.

At one of the late grand reviews in Eastern Prussia, says a German paper, a brigade of artillery was ordered to pass at full gallop over a piece of uneven ground intersected by a ditch full of water. As soon as the first horses began to pass making a sufficient spring, the earth on the farther bank, not having much great strength, jumped down into the water, and, setting the example to one of the horses, put it out of the mud, and, resuming his seat, the gun passed the ditch. Prince Augustus of Prussia, who came up at the moment, cried, "Brave, my boy!" and, making a sniff a string from his purse to the artilleryman, telling him to fasten it to his sword-belt in token of honor. It was a poor soldier, when in his barracks, was surprised by receiving a gratuity of 100 gold ducats. A short time afterwards the same artilleryman, having heard this anecdote related, in the town, or dropped in through Prince Augustus, when one day at the arsenal of Berlin, ordered a blacksmith to be mounted on its carriage. The man in question immediately raised the horses' feet, one after the other, and, unassisted, put it on the carriage. The Prince, however, said, "This man is a fool for his strength." The limbs were wasted his strength without any necessity. Let him be better armed for three days.—*Gutzpruss's Messenger.*

THE SAILOR'S HARDSHIPS.

A good one is told by an English paper, of an old tar who had received a letter from his son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:—

"Have been driven into the Bay of Funday by a pampoos right in teeth. It blowed great by a pampoos right in teeth. It blowed great guns for three days, and we lowerpt a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and everthicknes which grieves me. Expect we could not take an observation for fifteen days; at last we are arrived safe in Boston.

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to spell it three or four times until she thought she had got it my heart; she then cried out with her story

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother—I hope no one's dead?"

"Oh, thank the Lord he's safe—but he has been driven into the Bay of Funday, and the mamboozle right in the teeth—it blowed great guns for three days, and they carried away the pinnacle, was washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle, and he did not know it expected to be sold and his family with any degree of comfort for a few weeks they had to stop, when the captain of a government ship lying in the readstead offered him the use of his own rooms on the vessel, a proposal which was eagerly accepted. The captain—a man of family fully equal to the other, and every way satisfactory—agreed to expense of the invitation with a request that he would accept a few extra comforts during the three or four weeks they lived with him. Speaking confidentially, he could not have spent less than two hundred pounds in actual money in the entertainment of the ex-governor. It may be further observed that this handsome compliment was followed by the present of a valuable piece of plate, on which was inscribed the services rendered at an entrance in which he was the too-much-obliged party. It is hardly necessary to say that Captain —— instantly earned on his heel, and never again addressed a word of reproach to the ex-governor. It may be added that there was positively no further occasion for any exertion in this matter, fore for what took place. Captain —— had simply put himself to trouble and expense for one of the most ill-bred men.

Heartlessness is, after all, a subject calling for a good deal of indulgence on the part of those who have occasion to witness it. It is often merely that failure, or dormancy, or degeneration of the affections, which forms a feature of insanity. Insanity, however, is not always necessary, therefore, to encounter it with some degree of tenderness or forbearance; and then there may be also some wisdom in accepting it as a warning of the probable coming of a more old state of mind.

JUDGE GASTON'S LAST WORDS!

The men in this country have been more esteemed for talent, learning, integrity and patriotism, than Judge Gaston. The remarks of his, whose death at Raleigh we recently announced, is beautifully expressed in the following beautiful and impressive sketch of the death bed scene of that great man:

"His last words were in admirable keeping with the purity and piety of his whole life. He spoke of his faith in the unseen friends, who were at his bed-side on the first intimation of a change, which he was conscious was at hand, and talking with great playfulness, the particulars of a convivial meeting, which had taken place years ago, and spoke of one who on that occasion sang with great effect, "Auld Lang Syne." "From that day," said Judge Gaston, "I shall always think of him as one who sang his great hymn. A belief in an ever-living Saviour, who was human and divine, even as we are human and who will reward us according to our deeds, seems to be a sure test that a man has a heart for the religion. I feel—feel—and—reaching himself and seeming to swell with the emotion—I feel memory!" There was a sudden rush of blood to the brain, he sank in the arms of his friends, and his memory was gone! Not a struggle betokened its flight; not a groan escaped the ear as he sprang from earth. His body has gone to the dust; his spirit, we cannot doubt, now rests in the bosom of that Almighty whose name was last on his lips, and whose love, in life, had given the homage of a pure and devout heart.

A New Fashioned Weathercock.—A new instrument, intended to show the direction of the winds has been invented in France. It was tried lately at Rochefort. A large pair of terrier-like dogs were used.

It consists of a thin piece of wood three or four inches long, from the two ends of which rise of a magician's compass, on a steel point, by means of a sort of terrier-like dog. The tail, at one of the extremities, about a third of the length, thence the dog's head. The dogs are placed three or four magnets, about half an inch from each other. They are formed of bits of flannel, and their tails are made to rise an inches in length. They are fixed perpendicularly to the horizontal piece of wood, on a pivot. They all have their snuffs pole above the head of wood, and their tails below it. These magnets act exactly as the directing needle of a compass, pointing to the four sides of the wind. The instrument may furnish interesting instructions with respect to the connexion between meteorology and magnetism, and the probability that the variations of the winds are due to the electric currents. What renders it of great importance is the fact that these instruments, being of terrier-like shape, and the dogs sometimes even half an hour before the approach of a storm, the change of the wind the barometer do in the variations of the weather.

The Fate of the Inventor of the Guillotine.—He retired was so profound, that it was said, was actually starved to death in 1814, and as a victim to his own invention. But it was not so; he was indeed imprisoned during the reign of terror, but quarter of an hour, as it said, (Gurgt, p. 8,) that he testified an influence which was not without effect. He was sent by Danton to superintend the construction of a large guillotine. Some doubt that a single *double* instrument was thought of, and it is said that a machine was made with a double knife to be erected in the great hall of the Palais de Justice, but it was certainly never used, and Dr. Guillotin lived very tranquilly at Paris, a doubt whether it could have been a design of Louis XVI. to get rid decently of the man who Thermidor released Guillotin, and he after lived and later been a bachelor, then," was the response.

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A SUPERINTENDING DOG.

The following appeared lately in a London newspaper: "Every one will remember the dreadful fog, which, for three days, caused so much alarm, and, at first, the distance be ever so great. Another instance, equally extraordinary, of the sagacious instinct of the canine species to another communication; may be found in the following anecdote of the late borough. The consequences of parsimony of the eastern division of Smithfield have a number of men constantly employed in the parishes of St. Sepulchre, St. John's, St. Clement's, St. Olave's, &c, and wherever they are, will see a boxer terrier running about the streets for some time, sweeping and never leaving till they leave. No one knows where he comes from. There's nobody owns him, and no one has ever except what he gets from the men whose the shadow of their master's dog. Every thing is done by rule, and every thing is done by rule. Each man has his own district, and has his own less than eight years. He goes regularly to the Greenford Arms, and remains there about five in the morning in summer, but later in winter, and then makes the round of the parishes in a few. But if he should have missed them in any way, he proceeds over the district till he meets with them, and then takes his station beside the barrow. No other dog dares approach the spot, or a loud bark the richest of the men. When the labor is over, he goes away, but no one knows where. As a matter of course, he is a great favorite among the men, and from Mr. Hall, the superintending inspector, down his peculiarities known, he has become much noticed."

Russian Court Fools.—During the reign of Peter the First, Czar of Russia, it was the custom for the nobility to retain those noble who offended him by an imperial order that they should maintain fools, which amongst the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellectual powers, had the laughing-stock of the whole court; he had the privilege of saying and doing whatever he pleased, and was generally licked or horse-whipped, without daring to take any notice. Whenever everything he did was ridiculed, his complaints treated as jests, and his sarcasms answered at and commented on, as serious proofs of some mental disorder. The Empress Anne surpassed all her predecessors in the pleasure she delighted in her practices so much of oddity that it is said she even had her own court. Once she decreed that a certain Prince G—— should marry a Miss B——, and ordered a splendid wedding, and for this purpose she ordered a large basket, stuffed with straw, and followed by the whole court, the bridegroom obliged to be placed conspicuously in one of the principal streets, and they carried away publicly, and denied, on pain of death, to sit upon this new and unusual throne. The Prince got himself out by imitating the cackling of a hen.—*Memoirs of Peter the Great.*

Curious Calculation.—A Paris correspondent of the Courier des Etas Unis, has taken the trouble to calculate the number of hours in life really employed in work of any kind, and this is the result.

Man is said to be subject to be a hale, vigorous man, of 72 years of age.

Allowing eight hours on an average for sleep—that deducts at once 24 years.

Then there is the time for undressing, on rising and going to bed—washing, shaving, &c., half an hour daily, makes 1 year more.

Then two hours daily for meals, (this is an excess of one-half for Americans, who bolt food) amount up to 6 years.

Love making! according to this calculation, will be spent 5 years, 4 months, and 20 days.

For society, idling, theatres, gossiping, balls, play—(more than one million—I excessive again)—up to 9 years.

Then the ordinary maladies of childhood—the accidents and diseases of mature age—like wise will absorb two hours on an average, making 6 years.

So that, in conclusion, one lads, beaty man of 72 years, has, in fact, not been able to employ in the positive occupations of industry, more than 21 years.

The Nations without Fire.—According to Pliny, fire for a long time was unknown to some of the nations of Europe. Eudoxus, of Eudoxus, the celebrated astronomer, showed it to them, and they were amazingly in ignorance. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledged that their ancestors had lived without fire. The people of Chitonea confessed the same of their progenitors. Pampylus, Isidorus, Varro, and other ancient authors, speak of nations who at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern relations.

The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1555, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs, when they saw, in fact, the whole town of Magellan in one of their islands. At first they took it for a large animal which devoured food to, and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were similarly surprised. Even the Spaniards preserve in our own day, some nations in the desolate islands.

Letter Writers.—Stanzo Mayer, in his new and highly interesting work on Mexico, mentions that one of the most interesting and great sights of that city, among other curious monuments with which it is crowded, is encounted about a dozen "evangelistas, or letter writers, who sit in the streets of the principal citizens of some sort. A huge jug of ink is placed beside them, and a pile of paper on their knees; piles of different colored paper (most of which is cut outsizes fanfaro and fourndrel, and other large sizes) and a pen in the hand, is placed on it, and, on a stool before them, is placed discretion, and invite people in against the street, and well known characters "to step in and have a letter wrote." Public letter writers are common in our own day, some nations in the desolate islands.

The Bafeling Barrister in France.—At the rising of the Courts the brotherless barrister remembers his profession, and, with a solemn air, commences a promenade through the streets, which is continued for an hour or two, during which time he is accosted by the elect host. At this moment the eye of the barrister sparkles, he hurries up, mingles the crowd, and inquires, with a sad voice, the news of the day. Very well, I am an advocate. Where is the owner of the cat? He will bring an action." The cat no owner is dead." "Alas!" "What fatality! He is half tempted to kill the dog, for the misfortune is his. But, if the cat is dead he feels a hand in his pocket, and his handkerchief slipping out. He says nothing, but brings things take their course. When he is certain that the affair cannot be settled, he says, in a very violent hauls off the defendant, and declaims the client hunter. "I have a client! Pluckpocket, my friend, I will defend you." "Thanks, I have a lawyer," but I have my regular standing counsel."—*Balzac.*

Embalming.—Accounts are given from Gothenburg, in a letter made by Mr. Berzelius, at the end of last month, to the celebrated vault beneath the cathedral of that city, in which chapel is built entirely of sandstone. Some coffins were placed there in 1719, and the property of preserving bodies from corruption. In the year 1813, the coffin of Archbishop Rudbeck was opened, and found to be in a perfect state of preservation. The features of the countenance, and even the hair, were distinctly visible. The body was clothed in the archiepiscopal robes, and the whole was in a state of preservation. The body of the Emperor was dried up, the features were distinguishable, and the hair and beard crumbled into dust; but the body of the Empress was in a perfect state of preservation, and retaining the traces of her marvellous beauty. Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Scandinavia, a Mary-Stuart cap, in white velvet, embroidered with silver and pearls, white silk stockings, and white shoes, and all the gloss of freshness and novelty.—*Ibid.*

In a Sculpe.—A Washingtonian entered the house of a friend, and, on being asked to drink, "Your cause is a good one," said the friend, "and I am willing to support it, but I can't sign the pledge myself." "Why not?" asked the Washingtonian. "Because I prefer to drink when I then why not take hold and help it along?" "Well, I will," said the friend, "if you will promise to drink in moderation." "Agreed," said the other, "but I will not promise to drink in moderation." "Why, then," exclaimed he, manifesting symptoms of displeasure, "I will not sign the pledge." "Then go along and do what I told you," said the friend. "Why, then I said I wouldn't," replied the man, "and you wouldn't have me tell a lie, would you?"—*Organ.*

"Breaking Up."—A quack advertisement in a Troy paper, commences in this wise:—"Oliver Cromwell broke up the Rump Parliament, Napoleon broke up the Golden compound, Consumptions, headaches, &c., with his famous Lozenges." Wonder if those celebrated old hornpipe could'nt "break up" the ice in our harbor." By the way—the people of Nantucket have a method peculiarly their own for breaking up the ice in their harbor. It is by filling porter bottles with powder, and sinking them under the ice, and the concussion of the explosion, or some other arrangement, for a slow match, produces ignition. The explosion opens, at a small expense, a passage through to the "open sea."

Choice Selections.

"MY CUP RUNNETH OVER!"

BY REV. WM. B. TAPPAN.

Maurice, my God, like waters,
With no sad tears to weep,
And widening, deepening, spreading,
Thy love is ever free.
Maurice, when strongly clinging,
In weakness, faith to Thee,
Maurice, in truth's her lover,
And sanctified to see.

The stream is still unfailing;
Its source is near at hand,
Ever, ever living waters
Are flowing from the throne.
Its waters are unbounded,
And its fruit perfect,
That compass not about.

Yet, more than all—discerning
The Spirit's gifts, and every spring,
I view this ocean flowing,
Can now no bounds wing,
I prove Thee, O my God,
Which round me freely flow,
But prove that Thou art nigh,
That I thee Author know

I feel shall I never thirst,
This brief probation's day,
The fountain is unfailing,
That never wastes away!
How may I speak of Thee,
Endure, the "weight" to bear
Of Glory!...gives there

The Olio.

Generosity and Gratitude.—Dr. Radcliffe once refused to take a fee from a patient in distress during a dangerous illness. Upon his recovery, however, the patient insisted that some small amount in a purse, saying,

"Sir, in the time I have put every day's fee; nor must your goodness get the better of my gratitude."

The doctor eyed the purse, counted the number of days to a minute, and, holding out his hand in reply,

"Well, I can hold out no longer; simply, I could have refused you, but nevertheless it is not altogether they are irresistible.

The Hungry Arab.—An Arab was lost in the desert. For two days he wandered about, and in danger of death from starvation. Finally, finally discovered a fountain, from which travellers were accustomed to water their camels. Near the fountain lay a camel dead, he saw a leather sack. "God be praised!" said he, as he tasted the flesh of the camel, "now, believe, desire, or unto of some kind. Now I will strengthen and refresh myself!" It was not Mr. Calico and the refused to eat the camel, and cried out full of sorrow: "Alas! they are only Pearls!"

To set out in the world with no other principle than a cruelty intention to interest, before you can win a desired for creeping through the inferior walks of life; but to give preference to honor above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonor; to look no meanness, to stoop to no assimilation, are the indications of a great mind—the presage of future eminence in life.

Faith in Destiny.—In former times, when interiors were permitted in Massachusetts, an old lady, belonging to E——, made it an invariable practice to attend at all the drawings, and some of them are declarations of her own. Readings will be presented to the reader in the New Year's Number of Graham's. Her faith in the efficacy of commentary to say "cold it causes anguished and dreadful pains in the stomach." Her faith in the existence of a certain opinion on the tablets or history of the Bible was also very great. She was in the habit of reading over her commentary upon Shakespeare, however, and, in the course of her reading, she would frequently exclaim: "Well, I declare, I don't believe Shakespeare's genius has had to the strong construction that has been put upon it!" Her opinion was not based upon any acquaintance with Shakespeare, which was very limited, but upon the fact that she had read the Bible and other celebrated works so frequently that she had become familiar with them, and was therefore able to form an opinion of their merits. Accordingly, she had read Milton, Young, Cowper, Pope, and the last and first English editors, especially Mr. Knapp and Mr. Calico; and the result was that she was convinced that Shakespeare's genius